

959

L U C Y,
A
P A S T O R A L.

Inscrib'd to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P,
EARL of *CHESTERFIELD*,

One of His Majesty's Principal SECRETARIES of State.

Nunc ego

Agrestem tenui meditabor Arundine musam.

----- *si quis tamen hæc quoque si quis*

Captus amore leget, te nostræ, Vare, Myricæ,

Te nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est

Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen. VIRG.



L O N D O N:

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(Price Six-pence.)

THE

ASTORIA

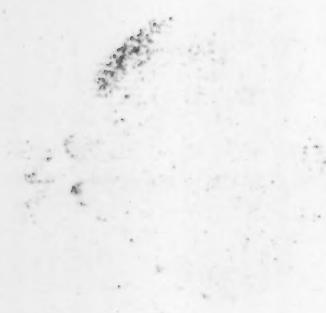
AND

CLATSOP

COUNTY

OREGON

1887



[3]



L U C Y,

A

P A S T O R A L.

MY muse to CHESTERFIELD direct her strains,
And blushes not to dwell in woods and plains;
She seeks the vocal groves, and peaceful
streams,

And sings along the banks of winding *Thames*.

IN ripen'd numbers, and in nobler lays,
Inspir'd I'll sing my much-lov'd STANHOPE's praise:
The muse's friend, the patriot I'll rehearse,
And all his virtues shall adorn my verse.

B

'T WAS

'TWAS summer, and serenely shone the day,
Two homely shepherds, as the season gay,
All in a silent vale at ease were laid,
Where twining branches form'd a pleasing shade ;
Whilst a stream glided from the mountain's side.
THENOT began, and THOMALIN reply'd.

THENOT.

SEE, how the face of nature smiles around !
See, flow'rs of various hues bedeck the ground !
While on the hills our flocks securely stray,
Let's try our pipes, and sing a rural lay.

THOMALIN.

BEGIN : thy soothing songs subdue the ear ;
The God of swains himself thy verse might hear.
At leisure thou, blest shepherd, by thy skill,
With LUCY's name the echoing grove canst fill :
Of LUCY be thy song ; the grateful sound,
The streams and woodlands shall re-murmur round.

THENOT.

SMALL art to sing has THENOT, (gentle swain)
Her peerless beauties in his humble strain ;
Yet, with her name, I'll grace my rural song,
For LUCY dwells for ever on my tongue.

THO'

[5]

THO' ev'ry swain contends whose pipe outvies
In sweetness, yet to me She gives the prize:
My pipe, if she approve, with proud disdain
I see the envy of the rustic swain.

I first on her employ'd my homely lays,
And spread, thro' neighb'ring towns, my LUCY's praise;
On ev'ry tree engrav'd the fair one's name:
And, in each shade, proclaim'd my growing flame.

How sweet with her to pass the smiling spring!
To hear the lark in air suspended sing!
And talk from rising morn to ebbing day!
For with my LUCY ev'ry month was May.

I cropt the vi'lets blue, and roses fair,
To make a garland for my LUCY's hair:
Each fragrant flow'r seem'd lovelier on her head,
Than when it blossom'd in its native bed.

ALL on the margin of a crystal flood,
One sun-shine day my beauteous LUCY stood:

I saw

I saw, believe me swain, my fair undrest;
But faithful lovers never tell the rest.

WHEN, for a while, she from the plains withdrew,
Adieu, she fondly said, my swain, adieu!
And now she's gone, 'tis winter to the swains,
Hush'd is the music of the groves and plains:
But when she comes, the swains forget to mourn,
And linnets sweetlier sing at her return.

AH! why, my LUCY, this unkind delay?
What pleasures can be worth my fair-one's stay?
With me o'er hills and dales pursue the hare,
And with thy crook attend the fleecy ~~care~~ care.
We'll seek the murm'ring stream and painted mead,
And go where love our wand'ring steps shall lead.

OH! quickly come, we'll waste the sultry hours
Near cooling fountains, and in mossy bow'rs:
By moon-light revel o'er the circled green,
Where fairy elves in bright array are seen.

COME

[7]

COME view the labours of the waxen bee,
 Who culls the sweets of ev'ry flow'r for thee :
 In swelling clusters hangs my bending vine ;
 And all my store of ruddy fruit is thine.

OH! how I long with thee to pass the day,
 While the short hours unheeded glide away !
 For LUCY's presence more her shepherd loves,
 Than thyme the bees, or nightingales the groves.

CEASE, THENOT, of the fair one to complain ;
 To-morrow LUCY will return again ;

THOMALIN.

How great thy praises, who canst sing so well !
 Thy tuneful numbers COLIN's lays excell ;
 No more shall he delight the rural throng ;
 They pleas'd will hear the music of thy song ;
 And thou unrivall'd in thy skill shalt live.
 But see, their flocks the shepherds homeward drive ;
 Let's leave the shade, for dewy damps arise,
 And the sun hastens to the western skies.

F I N I S.

